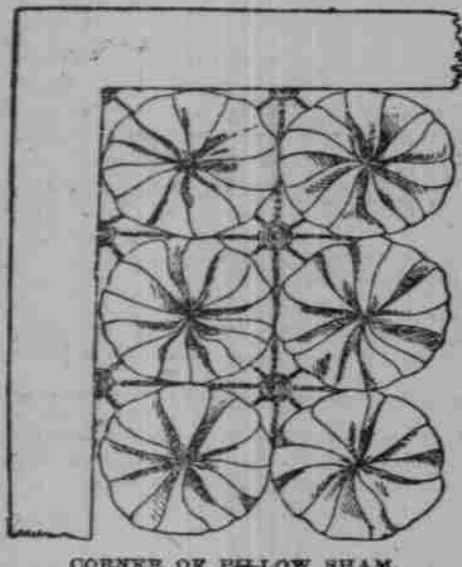


THE DAISY PATTERN.

Useful for a Great Variety of Household Necessaries.

How to Utilize the Thousand and One Scraps of Muslin, Cheesecloth and Other Goods Which Are Too Often Thrown Away.

Effective spreads, pillow shams, scarf ends, pincushion covers and articles of a similar nature, can be made from small pieces of unbleached muslin or cheesecloth, which usually find their way to the family rag-bag. A glance at the accompanying illustration will give a general idea of the result achieved. If muslin is used, it should not be too firm and heavy. A sheer quality will make prettier daisies. Cut from paper a pattern in the shape of a circle, five inches in diameter, using, perhaps, a plain saucer as a guide. Then cut a number of circles from the cloth, turn the edge of each, and with needle and strong thread gather this outer edge, flatten down the ball thus formed, and secure the gathering in the center. To do this take a needleful of colored floss and make a cluster of stitches crossing this center gathering, to simulate stamens, and the single daisy is completed. When a sufficient number have been made, fasten the edges together by sewing upon the wrong side for a distance of about half an inch. The spaces which are thus left between the daisies are to be filled in with unbleached linen thread with the spider stitch which will be familiar to anyone who has done lace work of any sort. If the stitch is worked from the under side or back of the daisies, a better opportunity for securing the thread will be given. First catch the threads at the end of one of the places where two daisies are fastened to-



CORNER OF YELLOW SHAM.

gether, draw across to the opposite fastening and catch through, twist the thread back around the first thread to the middle of the space; then catch to the joining of the daisies at one side, twist back to the center and catch across to the remaining joining. Continue in this manner, catching between each thread already described, and twisting back to the center; from the last or eighth space run the thread over and under around the threads where they cross about eight times, or until a sufficiently large center has been formed. Fasten the thread underneath and twist it out to the starting point over the thread which has here, of necessity, been left single. When these spider stitches have been completed, the body of the article is finished. An appropriate edge may be made of lace, or a plain border may be added by a fold of muslin caught to the edges of the daisies, and a half spider stitch added in the spaces. This will have much the same effect as a hem with drawn work, and while simple and inexpensive is, at the same time, a desirable and tasteful finish. The lining should be of the same shade as the floss with which the daisy centers are worked. Plain unfigured English calico makes a good foundation, or if something nicer in quality is desired, use sateen.—American Agriculturist.

Meat for Young Children.

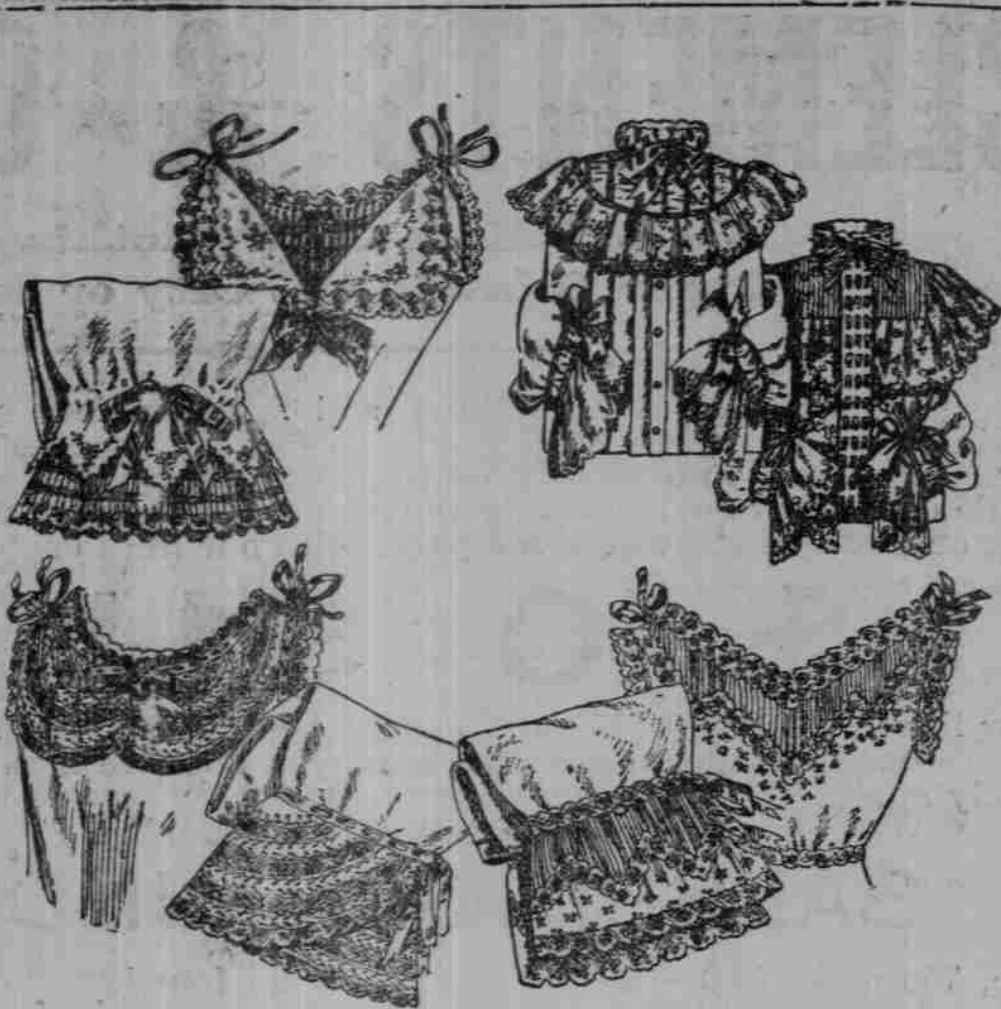
Concerning the frequency with which meat may properly be given to children, says Dr. Flint, and regarding the time of day best suited to its administration opinions differ widely. The writer believes, on the basis of his own experience, that children under five years do best with only one meat meal per diem, this being best given in the morning or at noon. After five years, both the breakfast and the mid-day meal may include some meat. An ideal dietetic schedule, however, for most children, would embrace eggs at breakfast, meat at noon, and bread and milk at night, appropriate cereals being supplied with the eggs and meat. All meats for children should be carefully cut into little pieces, and children old enough to cut their own meat should be cautioned to make the pieces as small as possible.

The Selection of Colors.

Extreme care should be taken in the selection of colors, as many that appear warm and lovely in the daytime are quite the reverse by lamp or gas light. Especially is this true of many purples, that are hideous browns under the glare of the gas. Likewise, some pinks become yellow, some blues green. The same rule holds good for evening wear. Many colors are lovely by day, but become dull in gas or lamp light. If you are purchasing material for an evening gown, it is well to make the selection in a part of the shop artificially lighted.

Pretty Ideas at a Dinner.

Recently, at a large dinner, the hostess hit upon a charming plan for introducing, at the same time, variety of color effect and also all the pleasures of a little party in tête-à-tête, with the gaiety of a larger company. There were ten small tables, each adorned with a differently colored flower, while the same tint was carried out in the dishes, the candle shades and the little favors.



NEWEST DESIGNS IN UNDERWEAR.

The newest designs in underwear are shown above. Almost all have embroidery in colored designs and all are edged with lace and trimmed with ribbons. One night robe has narrow ribbons threaded through the embroidery. Pink, violet and blue are the colors most used for the ribbon and red and blue only for embroidery.

GONE FOREVER.

How a Young Girl's Heart Was Well Nigh Broken.

It was afternoon. There was a slight haze overhead, and the scurrying clouds in the western sky bore their warning of the coming shower to the passerby on the avenue, who hurried swiftly along, some with their overcoats turned up and others, more free and easy, with the hurried air of the metropolitan pedestrian. It was not a pleasant afternoon in any sense of the word, and yet to Mildred Twilling, as she paced rapidly up and down the drawing room of her father's princely mansion on the avenue, it was the gladdest, gayest afternoon in the whole year, for was he not coming? As she stopped to think of what this meant to her, her heart gave a great throb of joy. Yes, he was coming at last—her tall, broad shouldered lover, who had said goodbye to her on that terrible night two years ago and had left her to roam in foreign lands, and now—now he was coming. She held his letter in her hands, and even as she stood thus, with all the eager joy of anticipation in her beautiful face, a tall and sunburned stranger, with the distinguished air of one who has traveled much, alighted from a carriage that but a moment before had rolled up to the door, walked slowly up the steps and rang the bell.

It needed but a glance to see that Edward Cashmere was not the same impassioned lover that had torn himself away two years before. His face was the same, perhaps, and showed no trace of the great joy that should have been his. He hesitated a moment in the hall, and then, summoning all his resolution, threw open the drawing room door and stood face to face with the woman who had clung to him so passionately at parting and whom he had promised, even as he kissed her farewell, to be faithful to. And now what was he to bring her? Nothing but a record of broken promises, the charred ashes of a dead love.

"Edward," she said, looking up into his face with a searching gaze, as if she would read his very soul, "have you nothing to say to me?" After two long years of waiting, do you come back to me now only to tell me—ah, have I guessed the secret?—that your heart is another's?"

With a quick gesture of despair he hurried from her, and burying his face in his hands muttered hoarsely: "Alas! have you so soon learned the truth? Yes, indeed, it is but too true," he went on. "One day while I was traveling through an unfrequented portion of Italy I met by chance a beautiful girl from Plainfield. For nearly a day after that we were thrown almost constantly together. It is the same old story, Mildred, of—"

"She is," he replied brokenly. "We were married in Paris last month. But, Mildred, dear," he cried passionately, "do not grieve so. Can it be possible long years of waiting, do you tell me that this is not true?"

With a piercing cry the young girl threw herself prostrate on the sofa. "Oh, why did you not tell me this before?" she moaned. "No, Edward, it is not that I loved you so much, but now I fear that it is too late."

"The late?" he repeated mechanically. "Why, what can you mean?"

"I mean this," she cried hysterically. "Knowing that you were coming back and believing you to be true to me, this morning, fool that I was, I sent back four elegant engagement rings."—Tom Masson in Life.

Trepidation.

There was about her a poise that comes only from litigation.

She was not born yesterday obviously. "George," she faltered—and her rich, mellow voice awakened a responsive thrill in the heart which was pumping blood into the arm about her waist—"I'm afraid to marry you."

He was only human.

"Why, my darling?" he demanded insistently.

She shaded her magnificent eyes with her curved lashes, as she had been taught to do years previous at the boarding school.

"Because, George," she murmured, "you are the thirteenth, and I am superstitious."

But in time he convinced her there was really nothing to fear.—Detroit Tribune.

The STATE JOURNAL'S Want and Miscellaneous columns reach each working day in the week more than twice as many Topeka people as can be reached through any other paper. This is a fact.

FAIR STAR GAZERS.

San Francisco Society Girls Flirting With the Constellations.

Astronomy is the latest fad of San Francisco society girls with scientific tendencies. The success of Miss Dorothea Klumpke, the California girl who got the degree of doctor of mathematics from the Sorbonne in Paris, seems to have aroused their emulative faculties, and they are going in for astronomy with an enthusiasm that could not be developed anywhere else than beneath their own sunny skies. They have the advantage, too, of being able to receive instruction from a woman who has gained considerable reputation as an astronomer and gained it in spite of obstacles that would have seemed insurmountable to any less courageous spirit.

This is Miss Rose O'Halloran, the only woman member of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, an honor which was accorded her on the nomination of Professor Holden of the great Lick observatory. Miss O'Halloran devotes her life to the scientific study of the stars, doing a great deal of original work and gaining a livelihood by instructing ambitious young women in the rudiments of her favorite science. She has a small 4½ inch Brashear refracting telescope to assist her observations, and her observatory is an ordinary room with two windows, one of which has a northern view, and the other an eastern exposure. When Miss O'Halloran desires to extend her horizon she moves her telescope out upon the roof of the back kitchen, where she has an unobstructed sweep in three directions.

With no better conveniences than these Miss O'Halloran's zeal has accomplished some excellent results. On every favorable day during the past three years she has made observations of the spots on the sun, and she was among the earliest, if not the very first, to discover the great spot group of January and February, 1892. At night Miss O'Halloran looks after variable stars in the constellation of the Scorpion, about which she expects to publish a book some day, though she says it will take years to collect the necessary data. She has already published several notable articles in magazines and scientific journals, thereby considerably augmenting her slender income.

Miss O'Halloran is an Irish woman of gentle birth and received an early education befitting the daughter of a country gentleman without any idea that she would ever have to earn a living. She always felt an especial interest in astronomy and naturally consulted her taste when, after her father's death, she found it necessary to teach for a livelihood.

A Hard Time.

Mamma—Did you take your capsule without any trouble?

Robbie—Yes, but I had an awful time getting the quinine out of it first.—Chicago Tribune.

The Sure Thing.

Willie Wilt—Is it fashionable to be bored?

Van Arndt—Can't say, dear boy, but I know it's a bore to be fashionable.—Truth.

A More Suitable Name.

"Some people allude to the civil war in Brazil as a farce comedy."

"To me it seems more like a Mello drama."—Truth.

A Greater Sign of Love.

She—You don't love me as I do you. Last night I lay awake till morning, thinking of you.

He—Pooh! That's nothing! Any one can lie awake and think of a loved one. I went right to sleep and dreamed of you all night long!—Boston Traveller.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Brave Jennie Creek.

Little Jennie Creek of this county has been regarded as a heroine ever since she made a danger signal of her little red petticoat last fall and thereby prevented a trainload of passengers bound for the World's fair from plunging into a chasm left by the burning of a railroad bridge. Now that her bravery has been recognized in faroff France by the Society of Humanity, which is to present her with a medal as a tribute to her merit, she has become the pride of the county. Jennie Creek is only 10, but bright as she is pretty. She lives with Samuel Personett, her adopted father, at Mill-



grove, a small station on the Panhandle railroad five miles east of Hartford City.

One day last September the railroad bridge crossing the stream which runs through Mr. Personett's farm caught fire and was destroyed. Little Jennie was the only one at home at the time and the only one who saw the fire. The west bound passenger train was due, and the girl knew that if it was not stopped a terrible catastrophe would result. So she ran to the railroad track, and when she reached it she heard the roar of the approaching train. Thoroughly frightened at the threatened danger to the passengers, the little girl yet had the presence of mind to snatch off her red flannel petticoat and run up the track waving the garment aloft, as she had seen brakemen do with their flags.

The engineer saw her and at once reversed his engine. The train rushed by Jennie, but stopped within 100 feet of the edge of the stream.

The passengers swarmed out of the cars to find how narrow their escape had been, and when they found that they owed their deliverance to the timid little girl, who yet clung to her little petticoat, they almost overpowered her with caresses. They made up a handsome purse for her on the spot, and the Panhandle company a few days later presented her with tickets which enabled her and the Personett family to visit the World's fair free of expense.

Most of the passengers on the train were bound for Chicago, and it is supposed that among them were some Frenchmen connected with the Society of Humanity in Paris.

She has been apprised of the society's intention to present her with a medal, and she regards the honor with all the modesty that could be expected of a child of her years.—Hartford City (Ind.) Letter.

No Dirty Hands.

When the pupils in the primary room of the Ogden school assemble, in a pretty little song they say good morning to each other and their teacher. Then another song is sung:

Raise your hands if they are clean,
By your teacher to be seen.
Sparkle, sparkle, clean and pure,
Dirty hands we can't endure.
And 50 pairs of little hands are held out for inspection. If all are not clean and pure—

Oh, who comes to our little school
They must learn to keep the rules.
Wash their face and hands with care.
And that's just what the little ones who have been thoughtless go straightway and do. Then—

Sparkle, sparkle, clean and pure,
Dirty hands we can't endure.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Progressive Drawing.

"Progressive drawing" is a good game. Each child has a pencil. The leader has a big sheet of foolscap paper. He starts off by drawing a straight line about 2 inches long in the middle of this sheet.

The second player draws another line 2 inches long, joining it to the first line at one or other of the two ends. The third player then adds a line of equal length and joins it to the other at any angle to suit himself in the manner that he considers the most funny.

By the time four or five lines have been added some one sees that a queer looking figure is being made, and then the lines are placed at every conceivable angle, each trying to add to the fun. Wonderful creatures are thus created.—New York Press.

I'm Hungry.

There's my Aunt Louie,
She never links
Only of roses and
Pansies and pinks.
A-holdin' 'em up
And paintin' 'em fine,
An eatin' her meals
'Most any time.
Now she's a paintin'
A lubly verbener,
And I'm 'jest as hungry
As any hyener.



There's my Aunt Eva,
She's bakin' a pie
Any big boy could
Stick in his eye.
We don't she make it
'Normous and fat,
Round as the moon is
And high as my hat,
An say in a voice
So soothing an mild,
'This is the pie that
I baked for the child?"

—Virginia Bryant in Detroit Free Press.



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Gravitation.

That is about all he could tell you. It is no more natural for bodies to gravitate toward the center of the earth than it is for "VIAMI" to cure the diseases peculiar to women. It is not a drug, but a food, which nourishes and strengthens the affected parts, thereby enabling nature to throw off the disease. Our Health Book sent free.

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Billie—Yes, the best in town. At Whitney's.

Charlie—Where is that?

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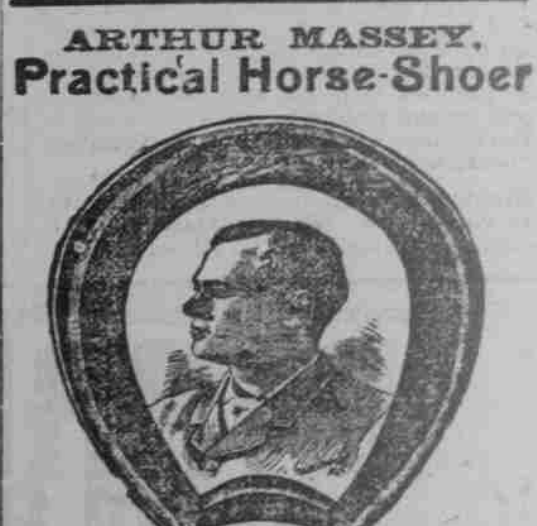
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